

Babbling Brooks by [KalanchoeBlossfeldiana](#)

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Summary:

Nancy would not describe herself as an outdoorsy person. That doesn't mean she isn't willing to make an exception for Barb.

Babbling Brooks

Author's Note:

There's not enough happy Barb/Nancy content for me so here's some pointless fluff I wrote when I was sad

Leaves crunched under Nancy's feet as she trekked through the woods. She was *pretty* sure she was going the right way. Mostly sure. It was a bit difficult to be sure when Hawkins had no good maps to memorize, and especially difficult when most trail markers were worn away to almost nothing.

Nancy shivered and pulled her sweater a little tighter around herself. It was pretty cold for early September. Nevertheless, she was confident one sweater was enough. She'd pull through. Well, assuming she didn't get lost in the woods first.

Nancy eventually decided the trail markers were relatively useless. Most of them were just triangles carved into trees, which had long since warped with time. She could hear the soft sounds of the babbling brook and decided to follow that instead. It was a risk, she knew it, but this whole thing was a risk, wasn't it? Nancy felt she deserved a few risks after all her hard work.

She sighed with relief when the water came into view. She knew where to go from here.

The mill came into view after about five minutes of walking. Calling it a mill was generous, a more accurate label might be 'ruins.' The building was little more than slabs of concrete now, the overall structure having the apparent stability of house of cards.

It was only a few seconds after this building came into view that a familiar figure came into view as well.

Barb was perched on the edge of the building, legs dangling over the water below. Nancy didn't even need to get any closer to know she was spaced out. It always made Nancy nervous when Barb climbed so

high up. She considered yelling Barb's name from where she was, but decided not to. She didn't want to startle her.

Nancy walked until she was close enough to make out each stripe on Barb's flannel. She had enough time to admire how the orange and red and fuchsia was reminiscent of a sunrise before Barb realized she was there.

"What're you doing up there?" Nancy called over the sounds of the brook.

Barb shrugged. "Thinking, I guess." She squinted at Nancy. "You look cold."

It was Nancy's turn to shrug. "Just a little chilly. Its fine."

Barb made her way down the structure, using the remains of a long since caved-in roof as a sort of jagged, hazardous staircase. She still had to jump a few times to get down, making Nancy wince when her feet hit the ground.

"Shall we?" Barb asked, gesturing in the usual direction the two took these walks.

Nancy couldn't help but grin. "Let's."

Nancy had turned to leave and had barely taken three steps before she felt cloth tossed over her shoulders. She looked down and recognized the pattern instantly.

"Barb..." she half groaned.

"What? You said you were cold."

"*Chilly*" Nancy corrected. She pulled Barb's flannel on tighter despite herself. "Besides, this is pointless. Now *you're* just going to be the cold one."

"Pft, I can handle it."

Nancy took note of the fact that Barb was only wearing a t-shirt, but didn't say anything. She'd probably just keep insisting if Nancy tried

to give her the flannel back. She was sweet like that.

"You're ridiculous." Nancy said with a smile.

Barb only shrugged.

"Sucks we dont have any classes together this year." Barb mumbled. Nancy hummed in agreement and nudged a few leaves with her shoe.

The pair walked with hands linked.

"Its even worse since we have the same chemistry teacher. Its like fate is like, teasing us or something." Nancy said with a laugh, rubbing her thumb along Barb's knuckles.

"I already hate that guy, he gives so much work," Barb muttered.

"At least that means well have a lot of material to study for quizzes and stuff, right?"

"Guess so."

"Careful!" Barb called

Nancy squealed as her foot nearly slipped into the water. She hastily readjusted her balance.

"I'm ok!" she called back.

The water ran a little quicker here, making the sounds of the creek less of a babble and more of a conversation in a crowded restaurant. It was still shallow enough for rocks to poke through its surface, though, and the two were seeing how far out into the creek they could get without falling in. So far, Nancy was winning.

"Sure," Barb giggled.

Nancy took a moment to appreciate the way the sunlight filtered through Barb's hair, creating a golden halo around her head. She

looked stunning. Nancy felt her stomach flip when she met Barb's warm brown eyes.

Nancy felt a pang of sadness this time, though. She hated that she had to keep feelings like this to herself, that she and Barb could only truly be together when they were alone. She wanted this to last forever.

"Hey, Barb," Nancy called over the sound of the water. It wasn't even that loud, it was just that Barb was about three rocks away from her.

"Yeah?" Barb called back.

"Did you ever dream about getting married, like, when you were a kid?" Nancy asked.

Barb seemed to pause before responding. "Not really. why, did you?"

"A little bit. I used to have a really specific idea of the dress I'd wear." Nancy laughed and looked away. A sad smile crept up her face. "Its silly to think about. I'd never wear a dress like that now."

"Nance, are you ok?" Barb jumped another rock closer to her, carefully keeping her footing. Always careful.

"Yeah... yeah, i just," Nancy paused, "its stupid."

Barb raised an eyebrow but said nothing. Nancy grappled with her thoughts as she struggled to find words.

"Its just... I know that's not all there is to relationships but why cant we have that chance? I mean, not right now, obviously, but its... its just..." Nancy let her words trail off as she starred upstream. She took note of how the surrounding trees were starting to change color.

Barb opened her mouth, then closed it, and then paused before finally speaking. "Who says we can't?"

Nancy's gaze snapped back to Barb. Barb's statement was playful but Nancy couldn't hold back her bewilderment. "Uh... a lot of people. The American government for one-"

"Forget them! Let's get married right now," Barb said, "who's here to stop us?"

"We're getting married right here? Are we marrying ourselves?" Nancy laughed, "that is so not how it works."

"Not with that attitude," Barb said. She cleared her throat and jumped a rock closer to Nancy. "Do you, Nancy Wheeler, take me to be your lawfully-ish wedded wife, for better or worse, in sickness and in health, inside the woods and outside the woods, until death do us part?"

"Well when you put it like that," Nancy smirked and outstretched her hand, "Sure. I do. And you?"

Barb took Nancy's hand and stepped onto her rock. It was a tight squeeze but the two fit after a bit of shuffling. The two were nearly pressed together now. "Obviously I do."

Nancy laughed and tilted forward to rest her forehead on Barb's collarbone. "You're so ridiculous." She squeezed Barb's hand.

"Thats no way to talk to your fiancée."

"I thought we just exchanged our vows."

"Its not official until the kiss."

Nancy smirked into Barbs shirt. She picked her head up and tried to take a clear picture of this moment with her mind. Barb, standing with her in the middle of a stream, golden sunlight in her hair, a bit of sweat on her brow from all the exercise, autumn light glinting off her glasses frame and giving her eyes even more of a twinkle than usual.

Nancy leaned forward until their lips met.

The kiss was short and sweet but ended abruptly when Barb lost her footing and ended up with one foot in the stream.

"Ha! I win," Nancy said, trying to maintain her balance without letting go of Barb's hand.

"God, you can be such a brat." Barb said good naturedly as she shuffled her sopping wet foot onto the rock once more. "Could I get a do over?"

Nancy laughed, but leaned forward to kiss her once more. Barb got a chance to kiss back this time, releasing Nancy's hand in favor of placing her hands on Nancy's hips. Barb felt Nancy smile into the kiss and the two broke apart with a shared laugh.

"Better?" Nancy asked, arms draped over barbs shoulders.

"Better."